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Thomas Jones

41-

41 1928

XK53.1 [Pla]

THE

PLAGUE

OF

ATHENS,

Which hapened in the

SECOND YEAR

OF THE

Peloponnesian WAR.

By Sprat.

First described in *Greek*

By *THUCYDIDES*;

Then in *Latin*

By *LUCRETIUS*.

Since attempted in *English*

By the Right Reverend Father in God,

THOMAS Lord Bishop of *Rochester*.

LONDON:

Printed by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars*, near the Water-side, 1709.

To my Worthy and Learned Friend, Dr. Walter Pope, *Late Proctour of the Univesity of* Oxford.

S I R,

I Know not what pleasure you could take in bestowing your Commands so unprofitably, unless it be that for which Nature sometimes cherishes and allows Monsters, The Love of Variety. This only delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpolish'd Copy, and comparing it with my excellent Patterns, the *Greek* and *Latin*. By this you will see how much a noble Subject is changed and disfigured by an ill Hand, and what reason *Alexander* had to forbid his Picture to be drawn but by some celebrated Pencil. In *Greek Thucydides* so well and so lively expresses it, that I know not which is more a Poem, his description, or that of *Lucretius*. Tho' it must be said, that the *Historian* had a vast advantage over the *Poet*; He having been present on the place, and assaulted by the disease himself, had the Horrour familiar to his Eyes, and all the shapes of the *misery* still remaining on his mind, which must needs make a great Impression on his Pen and Fancy. Whereas the *Poet* was forced to allow his foot-steps, and only work on that matter he allow'd him. This I speak, because it may in some measure too excuse my own defects: For being so far removed from the place whereon the Disease acted his Tragedy; and time having denied us many of the Circumstances, Customs of the Country, and other small things which would be of great use to any one who did intend to be perfect on the Subject; besides, only writing by an *Idea* of that which I never yet saw, nor care to feel, (being not of the humour of the Painter in Sir *Philip Sidney*, who thrust himself into the midst of a Fight, that he might the better delineate it.) Having, I say, all these Disadvantages, and many more, for which I must only blame my self, it cannot be exppected that I should come near equalling him, in whom none of the contrary Advantages were wanting. Thus then, Sir, by emboldening me to this rash Attempt, you have given opportunity to the *Greek* and *Latin* to triumph over our *Mother-Tongue*. Yet I would not have the Honour of the Countries or Languages engaged in the Comparison, but that the inequality should reach no farther than the Authors. But I have much reason to fear the just Indignation of that excellent Person, (the present Ornament and Honour of our Nation) whose way of writing I imitate: For he may think himself as much injured by my following him, as were the Heavens by that bold Man's counterfeiting the sacred an unimitable noise of Thunder by the sound of Brass and Horses Hoofs. I shall only say for my self that I took *Cicero*'s Advice, who bids us in imitation, propose the noblest pattern to our Thoughts; for so we may be sure to be raised above the common level, though we come infinitely short of what we aim at. Yet I hope that renowned Poet will have none of my Crimes any way reflect on himself; for it was not any fault in the excellent Musician, that the weak Bird, endeavouring by straining its Throat, to follow his Notes, destroy'd her self in the Attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have chosen rather to expose my self than to be disobedient, you may guess with what zeal and hazard I strive to approve my self.

SIR, Your most humble and Affectionate Servant, THO. SPRAT.

THUCYDIDES,

LIB. II.

As it is excellently Translated by Mr. *Hobbs*.

IN the very beginning of Summer, the Peloponnesians, *and their* Confederates, *with two thirds of their Forces, as before invaded* Attica, *under the Conduct of* Archidamus, *the Son of* Zeuxidamas, *King of* Lacedemon, *and after they had encamped themselves, wasted the Country about them.*

They had not been many days in Attica, *when the Plague first began among the* Athenians, *said also to have seized formerly on divers other parts, as about* Lemnos, *and elsewhere; but so great a Plague, and Mortality of Men was never remembred to have hapned in any place before. For at first, neither were the Physicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but died fastest themselves, as being the Men that most approached the Sick; nor any other Art of Man availed whatsoever. All Supplications to the* Gods, *and enquiries of* Oracles, *and whatsoever other means they used of that kind proved all unprofitable; insomuch as subdued with the greatness of the evil, they gave them all over. It began (by report) first, in that part of* Æthiopia *that lieth upon* Ægypt, *and thence fell down into* Ægypt *and* Africk, *and into the greatest part of the Territories of the King. It invaded* Athens *on a sudden, and touched first upon those that dwelt in* Pyræus, *insomuch as they reported, that the* Peloponnesians *had cast Poison into their Wells; for Springs there were not any in that place. But afterwards it came up into the high City, and then they died a great deal faster. Now let every Man, Physician or other, concerning the ground of this Sickness, whence it sprung, and what cause he thinks able to produce so great an alteration, speak according to his own knowledge; for my own part, I will deliver but the manner of it, and lay open only such things, as one may take his Mark by, to discover the same if it come again, having been both sick of it my self, and seen others sick of the same. This Year by confession of all Men was of all other, for other Diseases most free and healthful. If any Man were sick before, his Disease turned to this; if not, yet suddenly, without any apparent cause preceding, and being in perfect health, they were taken first with an extream ache in their Heads, redness and inflamation of the Eyes; and then inwardly their Throats and Tongues grew presently bloody, and their breath noisom and unsavoury. Upon this followed a sneezing and hoarseness, and not long after, the pain, together with a mighty Cough, came down into the Breast. And when once it was settled in the Stomach, it caused Vomit, and with great Torment came up all*

manner of bilious purgation that the Physicians ever named. Most of them had also the Hickyexe, which brought with it a strong Convulsion, and in some ceased quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their Bodies outwardly to the touch, were neither very hot nor pale, but reddish, livid, and beflowred with little Pimples and Whelks; but so burned inwardly, as not to endure any the lightest cloaths or linen garment to be upon them, nor any thing but meer nakedness, but rather most willingly to have cast themselves into the cold Water. And many of them that were not looked to, possessed with insatiate thirst, ran unto the Wells; and to drink much or little, was indifferent, being still from ease and power to sleep as far as ever. As long as the Disease was at the height, their Bodies wasted not, but resisted the Torment beyond all expectation, insomuch as the most of them either died of their inward burning in nine or seven days, whilst they had yet strength; or if they escaped that then the Disease falling down into their Bellies, and causing there great exulcerations and immoderate loosenesse, they dyed many of them afterwards thro' Weakness: For the Disease (which took first the Head) began above, and came down, and passed through the whole Body: and he that overcame the worst of it, was yet marked with the loss of his extream parts; for breaking out both at their privy Members, and at their Fingers and Toes, many with the loss of these escaped. There were also some that lost their Eyes, and many that presently upon their recovery were taken with such an oblivion of all things whatsoever, as they neither knew themselves nor their Acquaintance. For this was a kind of Sickness which far surmounted all Expression of Words, and both exceeded Humane Nature in the cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared also otherwise to be none of those Diseases that are bred amongst us, and that especially by this: For all, both Birds and Beasts, that use to feed on Humane Flesh, though many Men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or tasting Perished. An Argument whereof as touching the Birds, is the manifest defect of such Fowl, which were not then seen; neither about the Carcasses, or any where else; but by the Dogs, because they are familiar with Men, this Effect was seen much clearer. So that this Disease (to pass over many strange Particulars of the Accidents that some had differently from others) was in general such as I have shewn; and for other usual Sicknesses at that time, no Man was troubled with any. Now they dyed some for want of Attendance, and some again with all the Care and Physick that could be used. Nor was there any, to say, certain Medicine, that applied, must have helped them; for if it did good to one, it did harm to another; nor any difference of Body for strength or weakness that was able to resist it; but it carried all away what Physick soever was administred. But the greatest misery of all was the dejection of Mind in such as found themselves beginning to be sick (for they grew presently desperate, and gave themselves over without any resistance;) as also their dying thus like Sheep, infected by mutual visitation: For if Men forbore to visit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many Families became im-

poy

pty, for want of such as should take care of them. If they forbore not then they died themselves, and principally the honestest Men: For out of shame they would not spare themselves, but went in unto their Friends, especially after it was come to that pass, that even their Domesticks, wearied with the Lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatness of the Calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But those that were recovered, had much Compassion both on them that died, and on them that lay sick, as having both known the Misery themselves, and now more subject to the like danger: For this Disease never took any Man the second time so as to be mortal. And these Men were both by others counted happy, and they also themselves, through excess of present joy, conceived a kind of light hope never to die of any other Sickness hereafter. Besides the present Affliction, the reception of the Country People, and of their Substance into the City, oppressed both them, and much more the People themselves that so came in. For having no Houses, but dwelling at that time of the year in stifling Booths, the Mortality was now without all Form; and dying Men lay tumbling one upon another in the Streets, and Men half dead about every Conduit through desire of Water. The Temples also where they dwelt in Tents were all full of the dead that died within them; for oppressed with the violence of the Calamity and not knowing what to do, Men grew careless, both of Holy and Prophane things alike. And the Laws which they formerly used touching Funerals, were all now broken, every one burying where he could find room. And many for want of things necessary after so many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the Funerals of their Friends. For when one had made a Funeral Pile, another getting before him, would throw on his dead and give it fire. And when one was in burning, another would come and having cast thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the grand licentiousness, which also in other kinds was used in the City, began at first from this Disease. For that which a Man before would dissemble, and not acknowledge to be done for voluptuousness, he durst now do freely, seeing before his eyes such quick revolution, of the Rich dying, and Men worth nothing inheriting their Estates; insomuch as they justified a speedy fruition of their Goods, even for their pleasure, as men that thought they held their Lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forwayd in any action of Honour, to take any, because they thought it uncertain whether they should die or not before they atchieved it. But what any man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to pleasure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the fear of the Gods, nor Laws of men, awed any man. Not the former, because they concluded it was alike to worship or not worship, from seeing that alike they all perished: Nor the latter, because no man expected that his Life would last till he received punishment of his Crimes by Judgment. But they thought there was now over their heads some far greater Judgment decreed against them, before which fell, they thought to enjoy some little part of their Lives.

The Plague of ATHENS.

I.

UNhappy Man! by Nature made to ſway,
And yet is every Creatures prey,
Deſtroy'd by thoſe that ſhould his power obey.
Of the whole World we call *Mankind* the Lords,
Flatt'ring our ſelves with mighty Words;
Of all things we the Monarchs are,
And ſo we rule, and ſo we dominner;
All Creatures elſe about us ſtand
Like ſome *Prætorian* Band,
To guard, to help, and to defend;
Yet they ſometimes prove Enemies,
Sometimes againſt us riſe;
Our very Guards rebel, and tyrannize.
Thouſand Diſeases ſent by Fate,
(Unhappy Servants!) on us wait;
A thouſand Treacheries within
Are laid weak Life to win,
Huge Troops of Maladies without,
(A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful rout:)
Some formal Sieges make,
And with ſure ſlowneſs do our Bodies take,
Some with quick violence ſtorm the Town,
And all in a moment down:
Some one peculiar Fort aſſail,
Some by general Attempts prevail.
Small Herbs, alas, can only us relieve,
And ſmall is the Aſſiſtance they can give.
How can the fading Off-ſpring of the Field
Sure health and ſuccour yield?
What ſtrong and certain remedy?
What firm and laſting Life can ours be?
When that which makes us live doth ev'ry Winter die?

II.

II.

Nor is this all, we do not only breed
Within our selves the fatal Seed
Of change and of decrease in ev'ry part,
Head, Belly, Stomach, and root of Life the Heart,
Not only have our Autumn when we must
Of our own Nature turn to Dust,
When Leaves and Fruit must fall;
But are expos'd to mighty Tempests too,
Which do at once what they would slowly do,
Which throw down Fruit and Tree of Life withal.
From ruin we in vain
Our Bodies by repair maintain,
Bodies compos'd of Stuff,
Mouldring and frail enough;
Yet from without as shell we fear
A dangerous and destructive War.
From Heaven from Earth, from Sea, from Air.
We like the *Roman Empire* should decay,
And our own Force would melt away
By the intestine Jar
Of Elephants, which on each other prey,
The *Cæsars* and the *Pompeys* which within we bear:
Yet are (like that) in danger too
Of foreign Armies, and external Foe,
Sometimes the *Gothish* and the barbarous rage
Of Plague or Pestilence attends Man's Age
Which neither Force nor Arts assuage;
Which cannot be avoided or withstood,
But drowns and over-runs with unexpected Flood.

III.

On *Ethiopia*, and the Southern Sands,
The unfrequented Coasts, and parched Lands,
Whither the Sun too kind a heat doth send,
(The Sun, which the worst Neighbour is, and the best Friend)
Hither a mortal influence came,
A fatal and unhappy Flame,
Kindled by Heavens angry Beam.

With dreadful Frowns, the Heavens ſcattered here
Cruel infectious heats into the Air,
Now all the ſtores of Poyſon ſent,
Threatning at once a general doom,
Laviſh'd out all their hate, and meant
In future Ages to be innocent,
Not to diſturb the World for many years to come.
Hold! Heavens hold! why ſhould your ſacred Fire,
Which doth to all things Life inſpire,
By whoſe kind Beams you bring,
Each year on every thing,
A new and glorious Spring,
Which doth th' Original Seed
Of all things in the Womb of Earth that breed,
With vital heat and quick'ning feed;
Why ſhould you now that here employ,
The Earth, the Air, the Fields, the Cities to annoy?
That which it before reviv'd, why ſhould it now deſtroy?

IV.

Thoſe *Africk* Deſarts ſtrait were double Deſarts grown,
The Rav'nous Beaſts were left alone,
The rav'nous Beaſts then firſt began
To pity their old Enemy Man,
And blam'd the Plague for what they would themſelves have done.
Nor ſtaid the cruel evil there,
Nor could be long confin'd unto one Air;
Plagues preſently forſake
The Wilderneſs which they themſelves do make:
Away the deadly breaths their Journey take,
Driven by a mighty Wind,
They a new Booty and freſh Forrage find,
The loaded Wind went ſwiftly on,
And as it paſt, was heard to ſigh and groan.
On *Egypt* next it ſeiz'd,
Nor could but by a general Ruin be appeas'd.
Egypt in rage back on the South did look,
And wondred thence ſhould come the unhappy ſtroke,
From whence before her fruitfulneſs ſhe took.
Egypt did now curſe and revile
Thoſe very Lands from whence ſhe has her *Nile*; *Egypt*

Egypt now fear'd another *Hebrew* God,
Another Angel's Hand, a second *Aaron's Rod.*

V.

Then on it goes, and through the sacred Land
Its angry Forces did command;
But God did place an Angel there,
Its violence to withstand,
And turn into another Road the putrid Air.
To *Tyre* it came, and there did all devour.
Though that by Seas might think it self secure:
Nor staid as the great Conquerors did,
Till it had fill'd and stopp'd the Tide,
Which did it from the shore divide,
But past the waters, and did all possess,
And quickly all was Wilderness.
Thence it did *Persia* over-run,
And all that sacrifice unto the Sun;
In every Limb a dreadful pain they felt,
Tortur'd with secret Coals did melt;
The *Persians* call'd their Sun in vain,
Their God increas'd the pain.
They look'd up to their God no more
But curse the beams they worshipped before,
And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutted with ruine on the East,
She took her wings and down to *Athens* past;
Just Plague! which dost no parties take,
But *Greece*, as well as *Persia* sack.
While in unnatural quarrels they
(Like Frogs and Mice) each other slay;
Thou in thy ravenous Claws took'st both away.
Thither it came and did destroy the Town,
Whilst all his Ships and Soldiers look'd upon;
And now the *Asian* Plague did more
Than all the *Asian* Force cou'd do before.
Without the Walls the *Spartan* Army sate,
The *Spartan* Army came too late;
For now there was no farther work for Fate.

They

They saw the City open lay,
An easie and a bootless prey;
They saw the Rampires empty stand,
The Fleet, the Walls, the Forts unmann'd
No need of cruelty or Slaughters now,
The Plague had finish'd what they came to do:
They might now unresisted enter there,
Did they not the very Air,
More than th' *Athenians* fear.
The Air it self to them was Wall and Bulwarks too.

VII.

Unhappy *Athens!* it is true thou wert
The proudest work of Nature and of Art:
Learning and Stregth did thee compose,
As Soul and Body us:
But yet thou only thence art made
A noble nobler Prey for Fates t' invade.
Those mighty numbers that within the breath,
Do only serve to make a fatter feast for Death.
Death in the most frequented places lives,
Most tribute from the Crowd receives;
And though it bears a sigh, and seems to own
A rustick Life alone,
It loves no Wilderness,
No scatter'd Villages,
But mighty populous Palaces,
The Throng, the Tumult, and the Town;
What strange unheard of Conqueror is this,
Which by the Forces that resist it doth increase!
When other Conquerors are
Oblig'd to make a slower War,
Nay sometimes for themselves may fear,
And must proceed with watchful care,
When thickest Troops of Enemies appear;
This stronger still, and more successful grows,
Down sooner all before it throws,
If greater multitudes of Men do it oppose.

VIII.

The Tyrant first the Heaven did subdue,
Lately the *Athenians* (it knew)

Them-

Themſelves by wooden Walls did ſave,
And therefore firſt to them the Infection gave,
Leſt they new ſuccour thence receive.
Cruel *Pyræus!* now thou haſt undone,
The Honour thou before hadſt won:
Not all thy Merchandize.
Thy Wealth thy Treaſuries,
Which from all Coaſts thy Fleet ſupplies,
Can to attone this Crime ſuffice.
Next o'er the upper Town it ſpread,
With mad and undiſcerned ſpeed,
In every corner, every ſtreet,
Without a guide did ſet its feet,
And too familiar every houſe did greet,
Unhappy *Greece* of *Greece!* great *Theſeus* now
Did thee a mortal injury do,
When firſt in Walls he did thee cloſe,
When firſt he did the Cities reduce,
Houſes, and Government, and Laws to uſe.
It had been better if thy People ſtill
Diſperſed in ſome Field or Hill,
Though ſalvage and undiſciplin'd did dwell,
Though barbarous untame and rude,
Than by their Numbers thus to be ſubdu'd;
To be by their own ſwarms annoy'd,
And to be civiliz'd only to be deſtroy'd.

IX.

Minerva ſtarted when ſhe heard the noiſe,
And dying Mens confuſed voice.
From Heaven in haſte ſhe came to ſee
What was the mighty prodige
Upon the Caſtle Pinacles ſhe ſate,
And dar'd not nearer flie;
Nor midſt ſo many deaths to truſt her very Deity.
With pitying look ſhe ſaw at every gate
Death and Deſtruction wait;
She wrung her hands and call'd on *Jove*,
And all the immortal Powers above,

But

But though a Goddess now did pray,
The Heavens refus'd, and turn'd their Ear away.
She brought her Olive and her Shield,
Neither of these alass! assistance yield.
She lookt upon *Medusa's* Face
Was angry that she was
Her self of an immortal Race,
Was angry that her *Gorgon's* Head
Could not strike her as well as others dead;
She sate and wept a while, and then away she fled.

X.

Now death began her Sword to whet,
Not all the *Cyclops* sweat,
Nor *Vulcan's* mighty Anvils could prepare
Weapons enough for her,
No Weapon large enough but all the Air.
Men felt the heat within 'em rage,
And hop'd the Air did it asswage,
Call'd for its help but th' Air did them deceive,
And aggravate the ills it should relieve.
The Air no more was Vital now,
But did a mortal Poison grow;
The Lungs which us' to fan the Heart,
Only now serv'd to fire each part,
What should refresh, increas'd the smart.
And now their very breath,
The chiefest sign of life, turn'd the cause of death.

XI.

Upon the Head first the disease,
As a bold Conqueror doth seize,
Begins with Man's Metropolis,
Secur'd the Capitol, and then it knew
It cou'd at pleasure weaker parts subdue.
Blood started through each Eye,
The redness of that Skie,
Foretold a Tempest nigh.
The Tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted filth and gore;

As

As doth a Lion's, when some innocent prey
He hath devour'd and brought away:
Hoarseness and sores the throat did fill,
And stopt the Passages of speech and life;
No room was left for groans or grief;
Too cruel and imperious ill!
Which not content to kill,
With Tyrannous and dreadful pain,
Dost take from Men the very power to complain.

XII.

Then down it went into the very breast,
There all the seats and shops of life possess'd,
Such noisom smells from thence did come,
As if the Stomach were a Tomb;
No Food would there abide,
Or if it did, turn'd to the Enemies side,
The very Meat new Poysons to the Plague supply'd.
Next to the Hear the fires came,
The Heart did wonder what usurping flame,
What unknown furnace thou'd
On its more natural heat intrude,
Strait call'd its Spirits up but found too well,
It was too late now to rebel,
The tainted Blood its course began,
And carried death where e'er it ran,
That which before was Nature's noblest Art,
The Circulation from the Heart,
Was most destructful now,
And nature speedier did undo,
For that the sooner did impart
The Poyson and the smart,
The infectious Blood to every distant part.

XIII.

The Belly felt at last its Share,
And all the subtile Labyrinths there,
Of winding Bowels did new Monsters bear.
Here seven days it rul'd and sway'd,
And oftener kill'd because it death so long delay'd.
But if through strength and heat of Age,
The Body overcame its rage,

The

The Plague departed as the Devil doth,
When driven by Prayers away he goeth.
If Prayers and Heaven do him controul,
And if it cannot have the Soul,
Himself out of the roof or window throws,
And will not all his labour lose.
But takes away with him part of the House:
So here the vanquish'd evil took from them
Who conquer'd it some part, some Limb;
Some lost the use of Hands or Eyes,
Some Arms, some Legs, some Thighs,
Some all their lives before forgot,
Their minds were but one darker blot;
Those various Pictures in the Head,
And all the numerous shapes were fled;
And now the ransack'd memory
Languish'd in naked poverty,
Had lost its mighty treasury;
They pass'd the *Lethe* Lake, although they did not die.

XIV.

Whatever lesser Maladies Men had,
They all gave place and vanished;
Those pretty Tyrants fled,
And at this mighty Conqueror shrunk their head.
Fevers, Agues, Palsies, Stone,
Gout, Cholick and Consumption,
And all the milder Generation,
By which Mankind is by degrees undone,
Quickly were rooted out and gone;
Men saw themselves freed from the pain,
Rejoyc'd, but all, alas, in vain.
'Twas an unhappy Remedy,
Which cur'd 'em that they might both worse and sooner die.

XV.

Physicians now could not prevail,
They the first spoils to the proud Victor fall,
Nor would the Plague their knowledge trust,
But fear'd their skill, and therefore slew them first:

Reader,

Through Miſtake of the Preſs, a Page being Tranſpos'd, you are deſir'd to turn over Leaf.

So Tyrants when they would confirm their yoke,
First make the chiefeſt Men to feel the ſtroke
The chiefeſt and the wiſeſt heads leſt they
Should ſooneſt diſobey,
Shou'd firſt rebel, and others learn from them the way.
No aid of herbs or juices power,
None of *Apollo's* art could cure,
But help'd the Plague the ſpeedier to devour.
Phyſick it ſelf was a diſeaſe,
Phyſick the fatal Tortures did increaſe;
Preſcriptions did the pains renew,
And *Æſculapius* to the Sick did come,
As afterwards to *Rome*,
In form of Serpent, brought new Poiſons with him too.

XVI.

The Streams did wonder that ſo ſoon
As they were from their native Mountains gone,
They ſaw themſelves drunk up, and fear
Another *Xerxe's* Army near.
Some caſt into the Pit the Urn,
And drink it dry at its return:
Again they drew, again they drank
At firſt the coolneſs of the ſtream did thank,
But ſtrait the more were ſcorch'd the more did burn;
And drunk with water in their drinking ſank:
That Urn which now to quench their thirſt they uſe,
Shortly their aſhes ſhall incloſe.
Others into the Chryſtal Brook,
With faint and wondring eyes did look,
Saw what a ghaſtly ſhape themſelves had took,
Away they would have fled, but them their Legs forſook;
Some ſnatch'd the Waters up,
Their hands, their mouths the cup;
They drunk, and found they flam'd the more
And only added to the burning ſtore.
So have I ſeen on lime cold water thrown,
Strait all was to a ferment grown,
And hidden Seeds of Fire together run:

The

The heap was calm and temperate before,
Such as the Finger could indure;
But when the moistures it provoke,
Did rage, did swell, did smoke,
Did move and flame, and burn, and strait to ashes broke.

XVII.

So strong the heat, so strong the torments were,
They like some mighty burthen bear
The lightest covering of Air.
All Sexes and all Ages do invade
The bounds which Nature laid,
The Laws of modesty which Nature made;
The Virgins blush not, yet uncloath'd appear,
Undress'd do run about yet never fear.
The Pain and the Disease did now
Unwillingly reduce men to
That nakedness once more,
Which perfect Health and Innocence caus'd before;
No sleep, no peace, no rest,
Their wandring and affrighted minds possess'd;
Upon their Souls and Eyes,
Hell and eternal horror lies,
Unusual Shapes and Images,
Dark Pictures and Resemblances
Of things to come, and of the World below,
O'er their distemper'd fancies go:
Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray unto
The Gods above, the Gods beneath;
Sometimes they cruelties, and fury breath,
Not sleep, but waking now was sister unto death.

XVIII.

Scatter'd in Fields the Bodies lay,
The Earth call'd to the Fowls to take their flesh away.
In vain she call'd, they came not nigh
Nor would their Food with their own Ruine buy
But at full meals they hunger, pine and die.
The Vultures afar off did see the Feast,
Rejoyc'd, and call'd their Friends to taste,
They rallied up their Troops in hasse;
Along came mighty droves,
Forsook their young ones, and their groves,
Each one his native Mountain and his Nest;
They come, but all their Carcasses abhor;
And now avoid the dead Men more
Than weaker Birds did living Men before.
But if some bolder Fowls the flesh assay,
They were destroy'd by their own prey.
The Dog no longer bark'd at coming Guest,
Repents it being a domestick Beast;
Did to the Woods and Mountains haste

The very Owls at *Athens* are
But ſeldom ſeen and rare,
The Owls depart in open day,
Rather than infected Ivy more to ſtay.

XIX.

Mountains of Bones and Carcaſſes,
The Streets the Market-place poſſeſs,
Threatning to raiſe a new *Acropolis*.
Here lies a Mother and her Child,
The Infant ſuck'd as yet and ſmil'd,
But ſtreight by its own food was kill'd.
There Parents hugg'd their Children laſt,
Here parting Lovers laſt embrac'd,
But yet not parting neither,
They both expir'd and went away together.
Here Priſoners in the Dungeon die,
And gain a two-fold Liberty,
They meet and thank their pains
Which them from double chains
Of Body and of Iron free.
Here others poyſon'd by the ſcent
Which from corrupted Bodies went,
Quickly return the death they did receive,
And death to others give;
Themſelves now dead the Air pollute the more,
For which they others curs'd before,
Their Bodies kill all that come near,
And even after Death they all are Murtherers here.

XX.

The Friend doth hear his Friends laſt Cries.
Parteth his grief for him, and dies,
Lives not enough to cloſe his Eyes,
The Father at his death
Speaks his Son Heir with an infectious Breath;
In the ſame Hour the Son doth take
His Father's Will, and his own make.
The Servant need not here be ſlain,
To ſerve his Maſter in the other World again;
They languiſhing together lie,
Their Souls away together fly;
The Husband gaſpeth and his Wife lies by,
It muſt be her turn next to die,
The Husband and the Wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life,
That Couple which the Gods did entertain,
Had made their Prayer here in vain;
No Fates in Death could then divide,
They muſt without their Privilege together both have dy'd.

There

XXI.

There was no number now of death,
The Sisters scarce stood still themselves to breath;
The Sisters now quite wearied
In cutting single Thread,
Began at once to part whole Looms,
One stroke did give whole Houses dooms;
Now dy'd the frosty hairs,
The aged and decripid years,
They fell and only begg'd of Fate,
Some few Months more, but 'twas alas too late.
Then Death as if asham'd of that
A Conquest so degenerate,
Cut off the young and lusty too;
The young were reckoning o'er
What happy days, what Joys they had in store;
But Fate e'er they had finish'd their Account, them slew
The wretched Usurer died,
And had no time to tell where he his Treasures hid:
The Merchant did behold
His Ships return with Spice and Gold;
He saw't and turn'd aside his head
Nor thank'd the Gods, but fell amidst his Riches dead.

XXII.

The Meetings and Assemblies cease, no more
The People throng about the Orator,
No course of Justice did appear,
No noise of Lawyers fill'd the Ear,
The Senate cast away
The Robe of Honour, and obey
Deaths more resistless sway,
Whilst that with Dictatorian power
Doth all the great and lesser Officers devour.
No Magistrates did walk about;
No Purple aw'd the Rout,
The Common People too
A Purple of their own did shew;
And all their Bodies o'er
The ruling Colours bore
No Judge, no Legislatours sit
Since this new *Draco* came,
And harsher Laws did frame,
Laws that like his in Blood are writ.
The Benches and the pleading-place they leave,
About the Streets they run and rave:
The madness which great *Solon* did of late
But counterfeit
For the Advantage of the State,
Now his Successors do too truly imitate.

XXIII.

Up ſtarts the Soldier from his bed,
He though Death's Servant is not freed
Death him caſhier'd, cauſe now his help ſhe did not need.
He that ne'er knew before to yield,
Or to give back or leave the Field,
Would fain now from himſelf have fled.
He ſnatch'd his Sword now ruſted o'er,
Dreadful and ſparkling now no more,
And thus in open ſtreets did roar:
How have I, Death, ſo ill deſerv'd of thee,
That now thy ſelf thou ſhouldſt revenge on me?
Have I ſo many Lives on thee beſtow'd?
Have I the Earth ſo often dy'd in Blood?
Have I to flatter thee ſo many ſlain?
And muſt I now thy Prey remain?
Let me at leaſt, if I muſt die,
Meet in the Field ſome gallant Enemy.
Send Gods the *Perſian* Troops again.
No, they're a baſe and degenerate train;
They by our Women may be ſlain,
Give me great Heavens, ſome manful Foes,
Let me my Death amidſt ſome valiant *Grecians* chuſe,
Let me ſurvive to die at *Syracuſe*,
Where my dear Country ſhall her Glory loſe
For you, great Gods! into my dying mind infuſe.
What Miſeries, what doom
Muſt on my *Athens* ſhortly come:
My thoughts inſpir'd preſage
Slaughters and Battels to the coming Age;
Oh might I die upon that glorious Stage:
Oh that! but then he graſp'd his Sword, and Death concludes his Rage.

XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy Sword, O Fate!
Leſt thou repent when 'tis too late,
Leſt by thy making now ſo great a waſte,
By ſpending all Mankind upon one feaſt,
Thou ſtarve thy ſelf at laſt:
What Men wilt thou reſerve in ſtore,
Whom in the time to come thou may'ſt devour,
When thou ſhalt have deſtroyed all before?
But if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
If yet thy greedy Stomach calls for more,
If more remain whom thou muſt kill,
And if thy Jaws are craving ſtill,
Carry thy fury to the *Sythian* Coaſts,
The Northern Wilderneſs, and eternal Froſts!
Againſt thoſe barbarous Crowds thy Arrows wher,
Where Arts and Laws are ſtrangers yet;

Where thou mayſt kill, and yet the loſs will not be great,
There Rage, there ſpread, and there infect the Air,
Murther whole Towns and Families there,
Thy worſt againſt thoſe Savage Nations dare,
Thoſe whom Mankind can ſpare
Thoſe whom Mankind it ſelf doth fear;
Amidſt that dreadful Night and fatal Cold,
There thou mayſt walk unſeen and bold,
There let thy Flames thy Empire hold.
Unto the farthest Seas, and Natures ends,
Where never Summers Sun its beams extends,
Carry thy Plagues, thy Pains, thy Heats,
Thy raging Fires, thy torturing Sweats,
Where never ray or heat did come,
They will rejoyce at ſuch a doom.
They'll bleſs thy peſtilential Fire,
Though they by it expire.
They'll thank the very flames with which they do conſume.

XXV.

Then if that Banquet will not thee ſuffice,
Seek out new Lands where thou mayſt tyrannize;
Search every Forreſt, every Hill,
And all that in the hollow Mountains dwell;
Thoſe wild and untame Troops devour,
Thereby thou wilt the reſt of Men ſecure,
And that the reſt of Men will thank thee for.
Let all thoſe Humane Beaſts be ſlain,
Till ſcarce their memory remain;
Thy ſelf with that Ignoble ſlaughter fill,
'Twill be permitted thee that blood to ſpill,
Meaſure the ruder World throughout,
March all the Ocean ſhores about,
Only paſs by and ſpare the *Britiſh Iſle*.
Go on, and (what *Columbus* once ſhall do,
When days and time unto their ripeneſs grow)
Find out new Lands, and unknown Countries too,
Attempt thoſe Lands which yet are hid
From all Mortality beſide:
There thou mayſt ſteal a Victory,
And none of this World hear the cry
Of thoſe that by thy Wounds ſhall die;
No *Greek* ſhall know thy cruelty,
And tell it to Poſterity,
Go, and unpeople all thoſe mighty Lands,
Deſtroy with unrelenting Hands;
Go, and the *Spaniards* Sword prevent;
Go, make the *Spaniard* innocent;

Go,

XXX.

The Woods gave fun'ral Piles no more,
The Dead the very fire devour,
And that almighty Conqueror over-power.
The noble and the common dust
Into each others Graves are thrust,
No place is sacred, and no Tomb,
'Tis now a privilege to consume;
Their Ashes no distinction had;
Too truly all by Death are equal made.
The Ghosts of those great Heroes that had fled
From *Athens* long since banished,
Now o'er the City hovered;
Their Anger yielded to their Love,
They left th' immortal Joys above,
So much their *Athens* danger did them move,
They came to pity and to aid,
But now, alas! were quite dismay'd,
When they beheld the Marbles open lay'd,
And poor Mens Bones the noble Urns invade:
Back to the blessed seats they went,
And now did thank their Banishment,
By which they were to die in foreign Countries sent.

XXXI.

But what great Gods was worst of all,
Hell forth its Maguzines of Lusts did call,
Nor would it be content
With the thick Troos of Souls were thither sent;
Into the upper World it went,
Such guilt, such wickedness,
Such Irreligion did increase,
That the few good which did survive,
Were angry with the Plague for suffering them to live;
More for the living than the dead did grieve,
Some robb'd the very dead,
Though sure to be infected e'er they fled,
Though in the very Air sure to be punished.
Some nor the Shrines nor the Temples spar'd
Nor Gods nor Heavens fear'd
Though such Example of their Power appear'd.
Vertue was now esteem'd an empty name,
And honesty the foolish voice of Fame;
For having past those tort'ring flames before,
They thought the punishment already o'er,
Thought Heaven no worse torments had in store,
Here having felt one Hell, they thought there was no more.

FINIS.